

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 44.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 6 1810.

NO. 1134.

THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

Continued.

They had a very pleasant journey, and arrived safe at the Metropolis, the variety and bustle of which soon dissipated her sorrows, and called her attention to the gay scenes before her. The town was almost new to Angelica, who never had accompanied her father and mother to town but one winter. As soon as they were recovered from the fatigue of their journey, they began their morning rambles, attended by Mrs. Lloyd, my Lady's woman. As the weather was fine, they generally walked some way from the Square. It was proposed in one of these excursions to go to Portland Place. Emma, who had always directed her letters for Dodier at the Gloucester Coffee House, was ignorant of the real abode of her lover. Going up Harley-street, their attention was excited to an elegant house, by some transparent blinds fixed in the windows.

"They crossed the way to examine them, when the plate on the door presented to the trembling Emma; the name of the Honourable Mr. Dodier. She involuntarily seized the arm of Mrs. Lloyd, and hastened from the spot, complaining that she was seized with a sudden head-ach. They had not moved many steps, before she heard one of the sashes flung up. She had not courage to look back, and could scarcely preserve herself from fainting. They returned home immediately; and Emma at the desire of Lady Morland, retired to her chamber to lay down till dinner time, and try to get some repose.

"Glad of the excuse to be alone, she flung herself across the bed. Illness was not a pretence, for she was greatly indisposed. She did not doubt but it was Dodier who had flung open the window; that circumstance showed he had recognised her. That he should not come, and speak to her, she thought unfeeling cruelty; especially as he must see her agitation. Weary with conjectures, at length welcome sleep sealed her eye-lids; and she did not awake till the bell was rung to assemble the guests to the plentiful board. There was a large party to dinner; therefore Emma was to dine in the steward's room, as was always the custom when my Lord had company with whom he could not make free. She was glad of this as her illness had not permitted her to make any alteration in her dress. As she sat conversing with Mrs. Lloyd, one of the footmen came in, and presented her with a letter, directed for Miss Woodley: she took it with some surprise in her countenance, and perceiving the man smile, asked him who brought it. He told her that a gentleman had called, and asked him some questions concerning her, such as whether she lived there; what brought her to town, &c. that having informed him the particulars, the gentleman seemed much hurt at the death of her father: and he offered to call Miss Woodley, when he told him to bring some ink, and he would leave a note; and the footman was to take an answer

from the lady which he would call for the next day.

"Emma put the note in her pocket; and Mrs. Lloyd being inquisitive, she informed her it was the gentleman to whom her father had afforded shelter when he met with a fall from his horse.

"When she retired for the night, she read as follows; for her agitation would not let her peruse it while she had any spectators.

"MY DEAR EMMA.

"YET why do I address you with that appellation? I, that have strove with such pains to combat the sentiments I had in your favour, and vainly thought I had succeeded, when the unexpected sight of you in Harley-street recalled every emotion with double force; I could scarce credit my senses. I followed at a distance, and saw you enter Lord Morland's. From my inquiries, I have learnt the melancholy occasion, and sympathise with you. Letters after letters I have sent to the vale and have never had an answer: to what account can I place this, but to your prepossession in favour of another? Think not, Emma, that I will tamely lose you. No I will hear from your own lips the reason, and see if you can justify your falsehood. Leave a note with the bearer of this, at what time you will see me, and I will call to-morrow morning. Till then adieu.

"Yours,

"L. DODIER."

"This letter gave her much uneasiness. The letters he alluded to she had never received; nor had she any reason to suspect the fidelity of them she had made her confidants: but it was plain, from his account, she had been deceived, and felt much hurt at the circumstance: but her great perplexity was now to see Dodier. To meet him at another place, was an idea that her mind revolted from. After much deliberation, she thought it would be best to see him there, when he called the next day, and to come to a mutual éclaircissement. Accordingly the next morning, as she passed through the hall, she told the footman to show him into the library, and to call her out of the parlour. She was just going to inform them, that she expected a visitor when she heard that they were going to Hammersmith, to pass the day with a family who resided there. As Emma felt the circumstance awkward to begin with, she resolved to defer it till a future time, in case she could find a necessity to mention it; if not, to let it pass in silence, as she was fearful of her friends' displeasure.

"After breakfast, they retired to dress; and before eleven they departed, with many kind adieus to Emma; among which Mr. Morland's farewell was neither last nor least.

"She took her embroidery, and sat at the window in the library, attentively listening to every knock. It was near one before Dodier arrived. When the servant introduced him, he appeared much hurt at the alteration he perceived in Emma, and gently reproached her for

indulging her grief so much as to prejudice her health.

"They had a long conversation, in which he satisfied her that he had writ on several times; but no answer being returned, his patience was exhausted, and he felt much piqued at her silence. In return, she explained the blame she had cast on him, and the supposed neglect which so much irritated her.

"Emma now intreated him to dissolve the tie that subsisted between them, a marriage to which his father could never be brought to consent; and if clandestinely undertaken, would fill them with misery, and be the ruin of his future prospects. But to all this he turned a deaf ear, declaring, he would die before he would give her back the promise; and tried to soothe her objections in the most persuasive manner.

"As young minds are seldom steered against flattery, it is not to be supposed that our fair heroine was more than mortally and a perfect reconciliation took place between Lionel and Emma. The only object that now remained, was how to meet. Dodier proposed many plans, but none of them met with the fair ones approbation. At length he took his leave, telling her, it would not be long before she saw him again, as he had thought of an excellent scheme if he could but put it in practice.

"Dodier was intimate with a young man, a captain in the Coldstream regiment, of the name of Hervey, who was related to Sir James Simpford; by his means he contrived to get introduced on the parade, as if by accident, to the Baronet, and the Honourable Mr. Morland. He was a lively companion; and being a neighbour, a great intimacy took place. They walked and rode out together, Dodier invited them to dine in Harley-street. They accepted it; and returned the compliment to him in Cavendish Square. This was the height of his wishes, and he repaired to Lord Morland's at the appointed hour in great spirits, as he hoped to see Emma, nor was he disappointed. Lady Morland was indisposed, and Angelica, assisted by her friend, did the honors of the table. Lord Morland perceived with surprise, that his new guest and Emma Woodley were acquainted. Dodier informed him of the incident at the Vale Farm, and the obligations he was under to the late Farmer Woodley.

"He now became a constant visitor at the Square, and frequently attended the young ladies in their morning walks, which frequently afforded him an opportunity of conversing with Emma, as they walked separate from their companions. Sir James had of late often joined in the promenade, and paid great attention to Mrs. Morland, who appeared to take great delight in his company.

"Charles Morland of late had been unusually reserved; he seldom went out with his companions: even the conversation of Mr. Byron, who had always been a great favorite, was neglected. Since their return from the continent, his office had ceased as tutor, and he was appointed chaplain to Lord Morland, a station he filled with such a manner as to make himself respected by the whole family. This change in their behav-

ed son caused great anxiety in the minds of his parents, and in vain they tried to learn the cause of his melancholy; they received only reserved and evasive answers. Lord Morland had observed, with scrutinizing eye, the conduct of Mr. Dodier, and was convinced that he had some clandestine views concerning Emma. He communicated his suspicions to his lady, who coincided with him in his opinion; but both were at a loss how to act in so delicate a circumstance; they feared for the happiness of the orphan; but vague conjectures would not justify their speaking to Dodier on the subject.

"Mrs. Malcolm, who was a frequent visitor at the Square, had found out a situation of the most eligible kind for Emma. Lady Arnold was going to Ireland for three years, and wished to take a genteel young woman with her as a companion, and the next morning was appointed for an interview.

"Lady Morland heard this with pleasure, as she thought it would dissolve a connexion that seemed so inauspicious.

"Emma, accompanied by Mrs. Malcolm, went to Bruton-Street and was immediately engaged by Lady Arnold, who became reposed in her favour to an uncommon degree; and that day week was appointed for her to enter upon her new situation, to the extreme grief of Angelica, who was hurt to part with her friend.

"When Emma acquainted Dodier with this circumstance, he was much chagrined, and upbraided her for accepting it, urging her, in the most persuasive manner, to place herself under his protection, till such time as he could own her to the world; but all his arts only served to raise her indignation and anger. Young Morland's anxiety so preyed on him, that he was reduced to a pitiable state, and sat heaving the most heartfelt sighs. Emma's spirits were much depressed; and the once happy circle appeared under the dominion of melancholy.

"At length the day arrived that was to part our amiable orphan from her kind and liberal friends. Dodier came early in the morning, to take leave of her; and, by his apparently repenting manner, he obtained her pardon for his behaviour at the last interview, which he had laid to the vehemency of his passion. After breakfast he departed, having settled a correspondence with Emma.

"Lady Arnold's carriage came at the appointed hour. Emma was with her patroness, who had been giving some proper cautions and instructions for her future behaviour, some of which gave her great pain, as she knew she was acting in many respects opposite to her advice. Yet she had not resolution enough to break her shackles, and impart her troubles to those who might with a little exertion have removed these difficulties.

To be continued.)

INDUSTRY.

Diligence is good on every laudable occasion. While the idle pass many hours in heaviness and insipidity, the industrious, by moderate exercise, find double satisfaction, in composure of spirit and hope of reward. Manual labour is equipping to the mind, having a tendency to keep it from the slackening effects of levity, and, to prevent thoughtfulness from becoming too intense;—reading and study are beneficial in contributing to intellectual improvement. Industry is rewarded, immediately by its salutary effects upon the mind, and, afterwards by its attendant fruits.

Scrap.—From labor health, from health contentment springs.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

*'Stearn death regardless of all earthly powers,
Has robb'd fair Nature of her loveliest flower.'*

For the sweet R—s mournful sorrow shows
The solemn grief with which each heart o'erflows;
Thy beauteous form, thy soul bewitching smile
Would kindle love, and anger, frown beguile.
Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
When pity urg'd thou did thy bounty lend,
Tho' small that bounty from thy little store,
T'would gentle kindness and the love explore,
And when affection told her tale of woe
Thy sparkling eyes would with a tear o'erflow.
Say, beautiful! could no intemperate spare
A form so young, so beautiful and fair,
Could not Maternal grief our Loves fond sigh
Avert thy aim, such goodness to destroy?
Oh, weep my Muse—! Sorrows pensive strain
In humble verse, thus speak her glorious gain.
Far from this busy scene, her spirit's flown
Amidst Arcadian Heavens joy to prove,
To hail incessant hymns the Almighty's Throne,
Where all is happiness, joy and Love.

J—L—C.

The ground work of the following beautiful Stanzas is laid not very remote from those fields where the English and French gladiators are now, perhaps, decimating their sabres in each other's blood. They are said feelingly to describe the mild yet ferocious, tender yet vindictive character of the Portuguese peasantry.

THE SONG OF THE PORTUGUESE PEASANT BOY.

The beacon is blazing bright, father,
And strong is the cannon's shock;
And see what a swartly light, father,
Stains the peak of ALVERGA's rock.

'Twas the tramp of an English courier,
Which clattered so quick on the moor,
For I saw the soldier's sabre
Flash bright as he dash'd by the door.

So take down the good old brand, father,
But lend me my brother's dirk;

'Tis light in a stripling's hand, father,
And fit for a stripling's work.

Then away to the midnight battle,
But soft o'er the threshold tread,
Lest my mother should hear your foot fall,
And scream as we leave the shed.

Still brighter the beacon's blaze, father,
And stronger the cannon's shock,
And the smoke has hid the ray's father,
Which flash'd round ALVERGA's rock.

One kiss on the cheek of my mother,
One kiss will not break her sleep—
Then away for the midnight battle,
Then away for ALVERGA's steep.

Translation of the forty-seventh sonnet of Petrarch.

TO LAURA.

Blest be the day, the month the hour,
When first a lover's tender pain
Confessed thine eyes' resistless power,
And captive fixed me in thy train.

Blest be those sighs, those cherish'd tears,
That ardent, fond desire,
Which kindling all the poet's fire,
Taught me in numbers to invoke the name;
And glowing through Fate's chequered years,
Aroused the generous voice of Fame.

Blest be the wound, which rankling still,
Declares my heart no longer free;
And bless the thought, the mind, the will,
That ever faithful wait on thee.

Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Highland robber, infested L. vernesshire and committed his depredations up to the walls of the capital. The pay of the garrison was at that time transmitted in specie, under a small escort. The officer who once commanded it having lost his way, was unexpectedly obliged to sleep at a miserable Inn. While eating his supper he was joined by a Highlander, who, on invitation, accepted, but seemingly with reluctance, a portion of his fare. The officer partly imparted his business, and the fears he entertained of John Gunn, and discovering that his guest was well acquainted with the country, requested his company on the following morning. The Highlander pausing for a moment, but complied. As they passed a solitary glebe, the discourse naturally turned to John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide—and without waiting an answer, he gave a loud whistle, when they were instantly surrounded by a large body of Highlanders, all completely armed. "Stranger," said the guide, "I am John Gunn!—you feared me, and not without reason—I came to the inn last night, for the express purpose of learning your route, and easing you of your charge—but you confided in me, and I am incapable of betraying a trust—I have convinced you that you are in my power; but I dismiss you unharmed and uninjured." He then gave him directions for the journey, and disappeared with his followers.

The following is the transcript of a letter actually sent to the mistress of a boarding school, near town, by the father of one of the female boarders:—"As I had a good meditation myself, I am humbly ashamed for to see what manner that Lucy has been by the Buggs, and it is my desire for her to sleep in the bed that she always do, and not for to sleep sum time in wun and then in annuther, for to feed all the buggs in the case, for I think that be not right; neither shal she do it, So I remane jures, &c."

SOMETHING GOOD.

"I laughed heartily the other day, at the ingenuity and presence of mind by which an English sergeant at law celebrated for bullying and brow-beating witnesses, saved himself from the indignity and corporal pain of a good flogging.—He had, it appears, on the western circuit most grossly insulted a very respectable gentleman in court, in course of a cross examination. The next morning, very early, the insulted party proceeded to the lodgings of the advocate, with a good horse-whip in his hand and requested of the clerk to see his master, alleging that he had some business of great importance. The clerk showed the gentleman to his bedroom where he lay fast asleep, and upon his waking was addressed by his visitor as follows:—"Sir, I am the person whom you treated so scandalously yesterday, in court, without any reason, and I have come to chastise you with this horse-whip for your insolence." "Are you indeed?" replied the barrister, "but surely you will not strike a man in bed?" "No Sir, I pledge my honour not to do that," said the gentleman. "Then by ——" exclaimed the sergeant, "I will lie here till doomsday."

The humor of the thought disarmed the anger of the affronted gentleman and bursting into a fit of laughing, he said, "there sir you may lie as long as you like; I will not molest you this time—but let me recommend you never again to hold up a person of respectability, whose only object is to tell the truth, to the derision of a court of justice; and left the man of law to console himself."

PANTALON ELOQUENCE.

A young Beau, boasting his conquest over the female heart, exultingly exclaimed "I have subdued the hearts of one hundred indifferent women of distinguished reputation."

An Irishman on receiving some money, resolved on getting himself a pair of new breeches. He cast his eyes on a piece of prime stuff, and asked the merchant the name of it; he told him it was "everlasting." "If it be everlasting!" (quoth Pat with a stare) to be sure my sweet jewel, I'll purchase two pair.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1810.

CASUALTIES.

On Tuesday evening, about 11 o'clock, four small houses, on the Bloomingdale Road, near the Arsenal; and, on Wednesday morning, Cunningham's new and extensive Distillery, at Brooklyn, were destroyed by fire. It is believed some vile incendiary has had a hand in setting fire to these buildings—Wednesday was the day appointed to commence distilling at this new establishment.

Mr. Cunningham had 20,000 dollars insured on his distillery. The whole loss is estimated at 27,000 dollars. The houses destroyed near the Arsenal belonged to Mr. John English, who had 3,000 insured on them. The whole loss falls upon the London Phoenix Company.

N. Y. Gazette.

By accounts from the Falls of Niagara, (says the Pittsburgh Gazette) we have been informed of the following melancholy accident:—Mr. William Valentine, formerly a resident of this place, has been engaged for about two years past, in boating salt from Fort Schlosser, about a mile and a half above the Falls, to Black Rock, a distance of 18 miles, where it is received by vessels to carry it to Erie. About two weeks ago, in starting from Schlosser with a boat containing about 170 barrels, he put out too far into the river where the current is very strong. In attempting to stem it with a sail, the sails running high, the boat was immediately filled with water. Mr. Valentine jumped out and sunk instantly. One man took hold of the steering oar, which he lifted off the boat, by means of which he with difficulty reached the shore in safety. Two others, who took hold of the mast of the boat, were seen holding to it until they went over the Falls.

A PRODIGY.

The attention of the rich and munificent cannot be better directed at the present moment, than toward a boy of six years and two months old, now in Boston, whose prodigious talents in arithmetical combinations, perhaps might challenge the world to produce a similar example.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

The child was examined a few days since by a number of gentlemen as to the extent of his faculty. He answered upwards of 200 questions of various complexity, with wonderful facility, exhibiting at the same time every playful disposition of boyhood. His skill lies mainly in multiplication and division; and his quickness almost exceeds credibility. When asked what two numbers multiplied together will produce 1728? his answer was immediate, 16 times 108; 9 times 192; 12 times 144; 6 times 288; 3 times 576; 36 times 48; 8 times 216; 72 times 24; 18 times 96; and 92 times 54. All these ten combinations were repeated in less than half a minute. He tells the number of hours and minutes in almost any given number of years; and the rods in any number of miles. When asked "how many times 8 made

192?" he said 61 and 4 over. Innumerable questions of this nature have been asked with equally accurate results.

This child was born in Vermont, in the town of Cabot. His name is *Zera Colburn*; and he now with his father in Boston, who is an honest, respectable farmer; and whose object in visiting this town is to procure a fund for the education of this young *Archimedes*.

Boston Cent.

However people may dislike the politics of a popular Baronet, all agree in acknowledging him in domestic life to be the most amiable of men. We feel a pleasure in relating the following anecdote:—

"In the family of Sir Francis Bordett there is at present a young woman who has been in his service about ten years. Her dress, though decent, was not of late so becoming as the situation she held about Lady Bordett required. Sir Francis, who wishes all employed in his service to be happy and respectable, enquired why this young woman wore any appearance different from the rest of his household, and learned that she had an aged and widowed mother, unable to labour, to whom she allowed two thirds of her wages for support. On receiving this information, the Baronet ordered his horse to be saddled, and having learned the residence of the distressed widow, rode thither to make inquiry respecting the truth of the daughter's statement. Finding that the mother's story corroborated that of the daughter, he returned, and the girl being sent for, in the presence of Lady Bordett, the Baronet addressed himself to her thus:—"I have made inquiry respecting your treatment of your mother, and find that your story is correct. I have since calculated what you have bestowed on her from your wages, which I shall order to be restored to you; a like sum shall be placed in the funds, the interest of which shall be paid to your mother till her death, after which the principal shall be yours; and my further desire is that you reserve your wages for your own necessities and comforts, and let your mother in future be my pensioner."

Lon. Pap.

THE TAYLOR'S GOOSE;

Or the new method of curing Luce

A Taylor of some celebrity at the west end of the town, having several beautiful daughters, a spark paid his addresses to one of them, to which her father was averse; but not wishing to give the young man a plump denial, took the following method of showing his dislike; on Sunday last, he invited the sweetheart to dine with him, saying, that he would only give him a leg of mutton smothered in onions, and a goose. The invitation was accepted, and at the appointed hour the ewain attended; the leg of mutton (with cabbage) was served up and soon demolished; and on the remains being removed an enormous large Taylor's iron goose, red hot, was next ushered in, and laid upon the table before the guest. His consternation can better be conceived than described! He, however took the hint, and taking his hat, made three low Scotch bows, waddled off like a gander.

A Parsnip was raised the present season, in the garden of Mr. Amos Tinkham, of Portsmouth, measuring nine inches in circumference, and six feet in length!

Windsor Ver. pap.

COURT OF HYMEN

WHAT force of language can the bliss impart
Th'impetuous joy that glows in either heart,
When with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought?
O'er all the nerves what tender tumult rolls,
When love with sweet enchantment melts the soul?

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Moore Mr. Hydes Somarindyk, of the House of Birkley & Somarindyk, to Miss Rebecca Margareta Hardenbrook, daughter of Mr John A. Hardenbrook, and of this city.

On the same day, by the Rev Mr. Lvell, Mr. Hendrick Booraem, of the firm of Wiggins & Booraem, to Miss Hannah R. Morell, daughter of Mr. Abraham Morell, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Dr. Hobart, Mr. John C. Middleton, Merchant, of Brooklyn, to Miss Maria White, daughter of Mr. Charles White, of this city.

At Newburgh, on the 28th of November, by the Rev Mr. Johnson, Mr. William H. Falls, of this city, to Miss Eliza Harrison, of the former place.

MORTALITY.

THUS courage, beauty, sentiment, and wit,
Bloom in an hour, and bloom but to decay;
Life quits its suppliants as the airy sprite
Before the morning gale fleets fast away

DIED.

On Sunday evening last, Captain James Hazard, aged 42.

On Tuesday last, Mr Isaac M. Comez, in the 44th year of his age.

At Newark, on Saturday last, Col Samuel Ogden, aged 64.

At Boston, Joseph Russell, Esq President of the North American Insurance Company.

SALVE FOR SALE.

The Salve formerly known by the name of Jandine's Family Salve, and sometime since sold by Mr. James Lawrence and Mrs. Mary Lamb, is now to be had by applying to Jandine Lyng, No. 77, Read-street.

December 8. 1138-4t

WANTED,

600 Dollars on Mortgage for 3 or more years.

Apply at this office.

December 8 1138-1f

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR

THE TEETH AND GUMS.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

IMPROMPTU.

To a lady who told the author he squinted.

You say, I squint—there's nothing in't,
I only looked askew,
And when you thought, I looked at naught,
I merely looked at you.

EPIGRAM.

My Chloe, let me hear you vow,
You'll always love, as you do now.
Do not, my Swain, your heart distress—
I swear I ne'er can love you less.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE OUTCAST'S COMPLAINT.

Can he, who pass'd life's early morn serene,
And late enjoy'd each sweet domestic scene;
Who, ever true to friendship's genial power,
In happy converse pass'd the social hour:
Can he, now doom'd to bid those scenes farewell,
Past joys forget or present griefs dispel?

Not Active mem'ry gives, the sigh, the tear,
While all those past delights still linger near,
Oblivion, haste! and cast thy mantle o'er
Scenes late enjoy'd, to be enjoy'd no more!
Cold Poverty, and Scorn, Contempt, and Hate,
Blasht all the comforts of the present state.

Can the sad youth, whose bosom's doom'd to know,
And keenly feel the sharpest pangs of woe;
Who, to misfortunes, early made a prey,
Now wanders friendless o'er life's thorny way,
Whose heart, afflicted, finds no kind relief,
Whose eyes oft weep the burning tears of grief,
Who feels more cares, though not yet reach'd life's
prime,

Than those whose heads are silver'd o'er with time,
Whose soul now shudders on despair's dread brink
Fearful beneath oppressive ills to sink,
Can he, thus deep in misery's vortex hurPd,
Draw pity from a cold unfeeling world?
While all forlorn these queries I impart,
A chilling negative pervades my heart.

Have I no friends to soothe my deep distress
And clothe this trouble mind with cheerfulness?
How swift is man, to smile with those that smile
How slow the wretch's sorrows to beguile?
Why on the happy does the world bestow
Its smiles, and frown upon the child of woe?

What though to fortune, friends, forever lost
One prize, one peerless blessing still I boast;
That prize—a heart, that's loyal, tender, warm;
And what like sympathy that heart can charm?
In the Great plan, soft sympathy was made
To soothe the afflicted, and the wretched, aid
If then for misery, pity was design'd,
Wherefore, alas, I do not pity find!

Shall man revolt from such a glorious plan,
And cease to love his fellow-creature man?
No, Heaven forbid! May friendship's ties yet join
The tender, sympathetick heart to mine;
For what like kindred friendship can impart,
The glow of pleasure to the aching heart?

JOY AND GRIEF.

—nihil est ab omni

Parte beatum.

When autumn's mellow scenes appear,
When autumn brings the ripened year,
The sun's soft rays illuming glide
O'er level plain and steep hill side,
Beam on the calm stream's placid breast,
Dance on the mountain's haughty crest—
Sweet is the mild and temper's heat,
And all the varied vision sweet—
Swift o'er the bright scene dark clouds fly,
And bid the varied vision die.

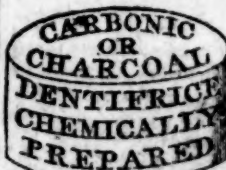
When the torn bosom's warm throbs cease,
When the torn bosom welcomes peace,
Joy's temper'd smiles the breast illum'e,
Joy's temper'd smiles dispel its gloom,
Mild radiance to the eyes impart,
Mild pleasures to the languid heart—
Sweet then the feelings of the breast,
Sweet then the charms that hush to rest—
Grief's murky frowns involve in night
And veil the beams of Joy's mild light

BEZA.

MATHEMATICAL WIT.

The Vermont boy seems to be a wit as well as a mathematician. A wag asked him, 'How many black beans does it take to make five white ones?'—The answer was, 'Five if you skin 'em.

A Seducer, according to a modern lexicographer, 'is a wretch that swindles a young woman out of her heart.' This definition appears at once comp'ehensive and just.



JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Neplus ultra Razors, with three blades also, innum'ous bonum and refined steel of a fine quality? gentlemen's portable shaving cases, and ladies' and gentlemen's japanned Dressing Cases of different sizes for sale by Nathaniel Smith Chymical Perfumer from London, at the Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty Street

Also the following articles as usual with many other too numerous to mention Rose oil Antique for curling glossing thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—chymical cosmetic wash balls his fine cosmetic cold cream clears and prevents the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smelling bottles Smiths improved chymical milk of roses Smiths pomene de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet soap Smiths tooth paste warranted his superfine white hair powder violet rose 3/6 Smiths royal paste for washing the skin Smiths highly improved hard and soft pomatum Smiths balsamic lip salve of roses Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified a pine shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the operation of shaving Smiths celebrated corn plaster elastic worsted and cotton Garters, salt of lemon for taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor strops shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c Great allowances to those who buy to sell again Tooth Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender colouge honey hungary rose jessamin Eau de miel and eau rave water shaving powder—court plaster &c &c Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,
Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Cheap,
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

WANTED

An Apprentice to the Chair-making Business, apply at No. 8 Peck-Slip

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this Office

CISTERNS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight, by
DUNN AND ROTHERY,
ROSE-STREET,
Two doors from Pearl-Street
April 14 1104—tf

WALKDEN'S BRITISH INK POWDER,
fresh supply, just received and for sale at No. 3,
Peck-Slip.

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window-Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner; eblly rns made, put in the ground and warranted tight by
C. ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

S. GARDETTE SURGEN DENTIST

Has the pleasure to acquaint the Ladies, and Gentlemen of this city, that he is returned from his Summer Tour, and has resumed the practise of his profession, as heretofore, at No. 26 William-street, near y opposite the Post Office.

The celebrity he has gained, in his method of extracting teeth, is sufficiently known so as not to require his saying any thing on that subject: he will only observe, that such Teeth or stumps of Teeth, as are considered by many too difficult for extraction he gives his positive assurance of being able to remove with a slight degree of pain.

He remedies to the loss of Teeth, by replacing artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set, on a principle that render them, not only useful, but secure and undiscoverable in appearance.

Tartar which is the principal destroyer of Teeth should be removed with the greatest precaution for which reason, S. Gardette has provided himself with Instruments, the invention of the celebrated LARROQUE of PARIS, that are perfectly safe, and answer the desired purpose

His anti scorbutic Elixir and Dentifrice for the teeth and gums, may be had as above.

PLAYING CARDS.

Best American, and English Playing Cards,
by the Pack, or dozen,
For sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

MRS. TAYLOR

thRespectfully informs her Friends and the Public, that she intends opening an Academy, No. 39, William Street, for the instruction of Young Ladies, on Monday October 29, in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, & the use of the Globes. Plain and Ornamental Needle Work. She assures her Friend no Exertions on her part shall be wanting facilitate their improvement
October 27 1182—1m

WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.
Apply at this Office.

MANTUA-MAKING, &c.

A young woman who is mistress of the Mantua-making and Silk Coat business, takes this method to inform the Ladies, that she will be thankful for employment by the day, in genteel families—inquire at No. 213 Duane street, corner of Hudson,
November 10 1134—St

Wanted to Purchase

a good sound chair horse about 15 hands high, round and well made full stem, free from all fault that will neither start nor stumble, and trots well, one about six years old would be preferred.

Apply to Nathaniel Smith, 150 Broadway, corner of Liberty street.

HUTHINSON'S improved and WOOD'S Almanacks for 1811, by the groce, dozen or single one.

New Novels &c, for sale at this Office,

Scottish Chiefs
Dominican
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Adeline Mowbray
Bravo of Venice
Leonora
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

ALSO,

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Young's Night Thoughts, price 75 cents.

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C HARRISON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANN